

Loosen Me Up!

by Peculiar-Pizza-Muncher

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Summary: We all have those days where our bodies are craving for that relaxing feeling to ease the pain. Well, that's the exact thing Akashi needed while being held up in his office. And what's more better than a day in a massage spa? It's definitely the attractive masseur to ease it all away.

Businessman!AkashixMasseur!Kuroko

Loosen Me Up!

**I'm glad to be back again, everyone. I missed the feeling of writing and seeing you all enjoy the works of my weird mind XD To all that I promised that I would update both my stories called the Adorable Encounters and The Porcelain Doll, I am deeply sorry for not fulfilling my promise to you. Both those stories have been already written last year back at August; however, school and other things such as family, grades and responsibilities were keeping me busy, so they gave me a writer's block for months. Also, since those two chapters were created in such a difficult timing, I have decided to rewrite it again this year. I hope that you would understand. Now, enough of that...and let's go back to this one XD This is from a personal experience and my imagination. This will also be my first smut, so forgive me if it's not going to be very a sensual lemon in the second chapter ;D **

**I may be a bit out of the game, so please be free to give me your constructive criticisms. Don't worry, it'll be welcomed with open arms :3 **

I do not own Kuroko no Basuke and its characters since all of them are Fujimaki Tadatoshi's children or creations.

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man's heart, he thinks to himself smugly. Exhibiting his voluptuous physique in the most provocative way to the stone-faced masseur, he closed his eyes and waited for the man to lose his self-control.

Anticipating for the rough contact from the person in front of him, he sensed those two soft hands going up from his collar bones and to his nape.

Only to have his head suddenly shoved into a massage table.

Oomph!

"You're stressed. Please try to relax, 'sir'."

* * *

><p>Yesterday, the day before their encounter

* * *

><p>There was nothing more relaxing than being under the sun, with the warm summer breeze dancing in the air, where the butterflies scatter around the blooming Morning Glories in the sidewalk. It was perfect, nothing can ever ruin such a day. Except for one.<p>

Aching hips, a spinning head threatening to be decapitated at any moment and overused fingers that are begging to be put out of its misery. Now, the hips may not lie, but it's definitely unrelated to the steamy sensation anyone feels after a mind blowing session of love making from 7AM to 6AM.

No, it's a different kind of session, it's everything with fainting from exhaustion without the tingling and pleasure part. If penetration is what you're asking for, just look at the dozen of paperwork being pierced by his custom-made pen right now. Now, I don't know about you..but that's absolutely sexyâ€|.so sexy that's it's about to be pulled apart by the stubborn workaholic sitting in his comfy, black leather swivel chair. In the middle of this massacre, a soft jingle from his laptop was repeatedly informing him of his victi-friend's presence, which was none other than the bastard himself who caused his hip to feel like a gelatinous dessert, Aomine Daiki.

In a brief moment, he clicked a button to send a message to his secretary to let him in. With a short reply, a loud and heavy footstep was echoing throughout the hallway that kept coming closer to his personal office. Sighing, he counted from 1 to 3.

As predicted, his glossy cherry wood door was slammed open by an upside down overcooked fruit cake who was trembling below his wooden ebony table surrounded by twelve cups of black coffee and five empty soup bowls along with a red glowing light emitting from his laptop.

"Ah, Daiki. To think that you had the nerve to come here at such an hour, you must have a very 'reasonable' explanation, right?"

Suppressing to shiver from Akashi's deadly, laser-like glare, he bravely faced him eye to eye and proudly stated, "I beg of you, Akashi. Give me back my life, I can't live like this anymo-"

Boing!

A small cut formed on the side of his left thumb, making the cocoa powder-skinned male wince as he saw the deadly weapon puncturing one of the sofa cushions in the other side of the room. It was surprisingly not the usual two-headed demon blade that was normally used by his intimidating former basketball ball captain, but in its place was a 'harmless' utensil, A.K.A a spoon.

As he stared at his thumb, he was then ambushed by another set of spoons thrown at him in a synchronized manner. Sprinting around the room to dodge all the metallic tools raining right at him like cats and dogs, a sudden realization has finally slapped him hard on the face.

Waving his hands as a sign of defeat, he suggested an idea, "A-as an apology, why don't I make it up to you, huh? Something that might help you from theseâ€¦things."

Seijurou rubbed his stubble-free lower jaw as he crossed his left leg with his right leg. While tapping his spoon-free fingers on his desk, he motioned him to go on.

"There's a place called Seirin Fount around Kyoto, it's where Ryouta and I tend to go whenever it's our day-off. Plus, there's this dude called Tetsu, trust me he's really good with his hands. And I swear I'll pay it all too while I'm at it!"

At the moment Akashi was considering his fried dough of a teammate's offer, he didn't fail to notice the crocodile tears that was about to fall from Aomine's tear ducts. Probably being a habit rubbed off to him by his partner, Kise Ryouta. He has decided that he had no choice but to comply, seeing that he did needed some form of unwinding from the many years of meeting several clients and at the same time for the several hours of sleep being deprived from him, he spared him and stood up from his seat.

Whilst sensing the not so secretive victory dance of Daiki behind his back, he turned around and showed him a smile that would make any normal human being swoon.

"Oh, and Daiki? The chastity belt will not be removed until next Tuesday."

Click.

Ceasing from his mini celebration, Aomine laid in a fetal position on the carpet-covered floor as he wept over his lack of sexual activities for the past few weeks.

* * *

><p>Making a reservation at exactly 4 o'clock PM, Seijurou rested his head on his padded head rest as he drove smoothly in the direction of his home town. It has been months since he has inhaled the fresh air

that can only be found in the heart of Japan.<p>

At long last, after the hours of driving from Tokyo to Kyoto, he has finally made a stop on his destination. Various vases of mini bamboos and two glass wall fountains made the surroundings more serene and approachable. Entering the chilly establishment, a short-haired woman wearing a complete white attire, along with a golden name tag adorning the left side of her outfit, greeted him with a big grin and informed him of the massage spa's specialties.

"Good afternoon, Akashi-san. My name is Aida Riko and I'll be requiring your preferences," taking out a rectangular heavy stock paper with the list of options and additional services, she then enthusiastically said, "Please take your time, sir. Your bill has already been paid by one of our regulars, the waiting area is right around the cor-"

Handing the thick paper back to the overactive female, he interrupted her and answered, "There's no need to do so, I've already chosen what I want. I'll be choosing a deep tissue massage therapy accompanied with your signature hot stone massage. I'll be expecting you to offer your best in my stay."

Giving him a light nod, he sauntered inside the shower room to undress and washed his entire body. Making sure to wash every nook and cranny using their own Rose Sandal Wood infused with Lavender body wash.

* * *

><p>After ten minutes of showering, he wore a black bathrobe, and was escorted by a tall, buff red-head with two bizarre eye brow patterns to a dim-lightened room adorned with different types of oils and lotions, a single, white massage table and a collection of vanilla-scented candles. And to further make the room more comfy, a play list of Japanese instrumentals were being played by circular speakers found on the ceiling.<p>

Observing the interior, the translucent door with intricate patterns of bamboos slid open to reveal a dainty young male, who appeared to be very young to work here. He stepped in, only to be ogled by his client more closely. Hearing the bluenette clear his throat, he faced him and raised one of his brows.

"Welcome to Seirin Fount, Akashi-san. My name is Kuroko, and I'll be offering you my services for today. Please place your robe here," he recited as he pointed at one of the hooks, "While I prepare the necessities for you, the towels are already prepared on the table."

The sound of lotions and oils being mixed were audible to his ears. Stripping off the only material sheltering his body, he settled with an idea to fluster the turquoise-haired masseur. In all his naked glory, he went near the occupied employee and remained there.

Done with the mixture, the stoic masseur rotated his body and was faced with a well-structured chest without any coverings on his crouch area.

"What do you think are you doing, sir?"

Instead of a proper response, he was answered with a deep chuckle, "You're the fortunate one who has been given a chance to touch me without any complaints, so why don't we acquaint with each other?"

"Well, I don't want to be rude and all, Akashi-san, but I think it would be better if you just let me do my job."

"It would be ashamed to not have a healthy chat before this little session. It may not look like it; however, it does take time for me to be comfortable."

"...If you wish to do so the--"

"Very good, Kuroko. For starters, may I know your full name?"

Seeing the petite bluenette rolling his eyes at him, only fueled his desire to know the masseur more.

"I'm not sure if it's appropriate for me to do so."

Lifting the stubborn man's pale face close to his, he fixed his stare to the big baby blue orbs that peered right back at him blankly.

With a wink and his signature smirk that would make his mother proud, he is sure to charm his way into this baby blue-eyed man's heart, he thinks to himself smugly. Exhibiting his voluptuous physique in the most provocative way to the stone-faced masseur, he closed his eyes and waited for the man to lose his self-control.

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"You're stressed. Please try to relax, 'sir'."

The spongy noise of the sweet-scented mixed flavours of both the lotion and oil falling down his spine didn't stop him from wanting to argue with him. Opening his mouth to snap at him for his sudden actions, a spot on his back was expertly stroked repeatedly. He groaned loudly at the treatment that he was getting for his muscles.

He has never experienced such a pleasurable sensation before. His shoulders were being rubbed with ease, his two arms were kneaded with such finesse. Eventually, the skillful hands were reaching down his hips, healing the pain with his virtuosity.

"A-ahhâ€¦.Y-you truly are very...ugghh..very..good with your hands, Kuroko..."

* * *

><p>AN: Let's end it here, I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did XD See you on the next chappy *throws you a piece of pizza***

End
file.